Thou maiſt deſerue, or they purpoſe this vſage,
Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highneſſe Letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place that ſhewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking Poſte,
Stewd in his haſte, halfe breathleſſe, panting forth
From *Gonorill* his Miſtris, ſalutations;
Deliuered letters ſpite of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read; on whoſe contents
They ſummond vp their men, ſtraight tooke horſe,
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leiſure
Of their anſwer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceiu'd had poiſoned mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Diſplaid ſo ſawcily againſt your Highneſſe,
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;
He raiſed the houſe with loud and coward cries,
Your ſonne and daughter found this treſpaſſe worth
This ſhame which here it ſuffers.

Lear. O how this mother ſwels vp toward my heart,
Hiſterica paſſio downe thou climing ſorrow,
Thy element's below, where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earle ſir within.

Lear. Follow me not, ſtay there.

Knight. Made you no more offence then what you ſpeake of?

Kent. No, how chance the King comes with ſo ſmall a traine?

Foole. If thou hadſt beene ſet in the ſtockes for that queſtion, thou hadſt well deſerued it.

Kent. Why foole?

Foole. Wee'l ſet thee to ſchoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noſes, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a noſe among a hundred, but can ſmell him that's ſtincking; let goe thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a hill, leaſt it breake thy necke with following it, but the great one that goes vp the hil, let him draw thee

thee after, when a wiſe ma
mine againe, I would hau
foole giues it.

That Sir that ſe
And followes bu
Will packe when
And leaue thee i
But I will tarry
And let the wiſe
The knaue turne
The foole no knau

Kent. Where learnt you
Foole. Not in the ſtocke

Enter L

Lear. Deny to ſpeake w
They traueld hard to nigh
I the images of reuolt and
Fetch me a better anſwer.

Gloſt. My deare Lord, yo
how vnremoueable and fix

Lear. Veangeance, deat
ty; why *Gloceſter*, *Gloceſter*
wall, and his wife.

Gloſt. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would
Would with his daughter
Fiery Duke, tell the hot D
No but not yet, may be he
Infirmity doth ſtill negle
Is bound, we are not our ſe
Commands the minde to
And am fallen out with m
To take the indiſpoſed an
Death on my ſtate, wherefo
This acte perſwades me, t